

THE ENJOYMENT.

1679.

Since now my *Silvia* is as kinde as fair,
 Let wit and joy succeed my dull despair.
 O what a night of pleasure was the last!
 A full reward for all my troubles past:
 And on my head if future mischief fall,
 This happy night shall make amends for all.
 Nay though my *Silvia's* Love should turn to hate,
 I'll think of this, and dye contented with my fate.
 Twelve was the lucky Minute when we met,
 And on her Bed were close together set;
 Though listning Spyes might be perhaps too near,
 Love fill'd our hearts, there was no Room for fear.
 Now whilst I strive her melting heart to move
 With all the powerfull Eloquence of Love:
 In her fair face I saw the Colour rise,
 And an unusuall Softnesse in her Eyes,
 Gently they look, and I with Joy adore
 That only Charm they never had before!
 The wounds they made, her Tongue was us'd to heal,
 But now these gentle Enemies reveal
 A Secret, which that friend would still conceal.
 My Eyes transported too with Amorous rage,
 Seem fierce with expectation to engage:
 But fast she holds my hands, and close her thighs,
 And what she longs to do, with frowns denies.
 A strange effect on foolish Women wrought,
 Bred in disguises, and by Custome taught:
 Custome, which Wisedome sometimes over-rules,
 But serves instead of reason to the fools:
 Custome, which all the world to Slavery brings;
 The dull excuse for doing silly things.

She

She by this Method of her foolish Sex,
 Is forc'd a while me and herself to vex.
 But now when thus we had been struggling long,
 Her Limbs grow weak, and her desires grow strong :
 How can she hold to let the *Hero* in ;
 He storms without, and Love betrays within.
 Her hands at last to hide her blushes, leave
 The Fort unguarded, willing to receive
 My fierce assault, made with a Lovers haft ;
 Like Lightning piercing, and as quickly past.
 Thus does fond Nature with her Children play,
 Just shews us Joy, then snatches it away.
 'Tis not th' excess of pleasure makes it short ;
 The pain of Love's as raging as the sport:
 And yet, alas, that lasts ; we sigh all night
 With grief, but scarce one moment with delight.
 Some little pain may check her kinde desire,
 But not enough to make her once retire :
 Maids wounds for pleasure bear as Men for praise,
 Here Honour heals, there Love the smart allays :
 The World if Just, would harmfull courage blame,
 And this more innocent reward with fame.
 Now she her well contented thoughts employs,
 On her past fears, and on her future Joys :
 Whose Harbinger did roughly all remove,
 To make fit room for great Luxurious Love,
 Fond of the welcome guest, her Arms embrace
 My body, and her hands a better place :
 Which with one touch so pleas'd and proud does grow,
 It swells beyond the grasp that made it so.
 Confinement Scorns in any straighter Walls,
 Then those of Love, where it contented falls :
 Though twice o'rethrow'n he more inflam'd does rise :
 And will to the last drop fight out loves prize.
 She like some Amazon in story proves,
 That overcomes the *Hero* whom she Loves.
 In the close strife she takes so much delight,
 She then can think of nothing but the fight :
 With Joy she lays him panting at her feet,
 But with more joy does his recovery meet.
 Her trembling hands first gently raise his head,
 She almost dyes for fear that he is dead :
 Then binds his wounds up with a busy hand,
 And with that balm enables him to stand,
 Till by her eyes she Conquers him once more,
 And wounds him deeper then she did before.
 Though fallen from the Top of pleasures hill,
 With longing Eyes we look up thither still:

Still thither Our unwearied wishes tend,
 Till we that height of happiness ascend
 By gentle steps, th' ascent it self exceeds
 All Joys, but that alone to which it leads.
 First then so long and lovingly we kiss,
 As if like Doves, we knew no dearer bliss :
 Still in one Mouth our Tongues together play,
 While groping hands are pleas'd no less then they.
 Thus cling'd together now awhile we rest,
 Breathing our Souls into each others breast :
 Then give a general kiss of all our parts
 While this best way we make exchange of hearts.
 Here would my praise as well as pleasure dwell,
 Enjoyments self I scarcely like so well :
 The little this comes short in Rage and strength,
 Is largely recompenc'd with endless length.
 This is a joy would last, if we could stay,
 But Loves too eager to admit delay, }
 And hurries us along so smooth away. }
 Now wanton with delight we nimbly move,
 Our plyant Limbs in all the shapes of Love :
 Our motions not like those of gamefome fools,
 Whose alive Bodies shew their heavy Souls,
 But sports of Love, in which a willing minde,
 Makes us as able as our hearts are kinde.
 At length all languishing and out of breath,
 Panting as in the agonies of death,
 We lye entranc'd, till one provoking kiss
 Transports our ravish'd Souls to paradise.
 O Heaven of Love, thou moment of delight !
 Wrong'd by my words, my fancy does thee right.
 Methinks I lye all melting in her Charms,
 And fast lockt up within her Legs and Arms:
 Bent are our mindes and all our thoughts on fire,
 Just labouring in the pangs of fierce desire.
 At once, like Misers Wallowing in their store,
 In full possession, yet desiring more.
 Thus with repeated pleasures while we wast
 Our happy hours, that like short Minuts past,
 To such a sum of bliss our Joys amount,
 The number now becomes too great too count.
 Silent as Night are all sincerest Joys,
 Like deepest Waters running with least Noise.
 But now at last for want of further force
 From deeds, alas, we fall into discourse !
 A fall which each of us in vain bemoans,
 A greater fall then that of Kings from Thrones,

The Tide of pleasure flowing now no more,
 We lye like Fish left gasping on the shore.
 And now as after fighting, wounds appear,
 Which we in heat, did neither feel nor fear,
 She for her sake intreats me to give o're,
 And yet for mine would gladly suffer more.
 Her words are coy, while all her motions Woo,
 And when she asks me if it please me too, }
 I rage to shew how well but 'twill not do. }
 Thus would hot Love run it self out of breath,
 And wanting rest, finde it too soon in death,
 Did not wise Nature with a gentle force
 Restrain its rage, and stop its headlong course :
 Indulgently severe, she well does spare
 This Childe of hers, which most deserves her care.

These Verses amongst many others, being ready to be Publish'd and not possibly to be stop'd in this Liberty of the Press ; a friend of the Authors thought it necessary to print them single by the Originall paper, to prevent the errours which will be found in that which is coming out, which is falsely transcrib'd from a surreptitious Copy.

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